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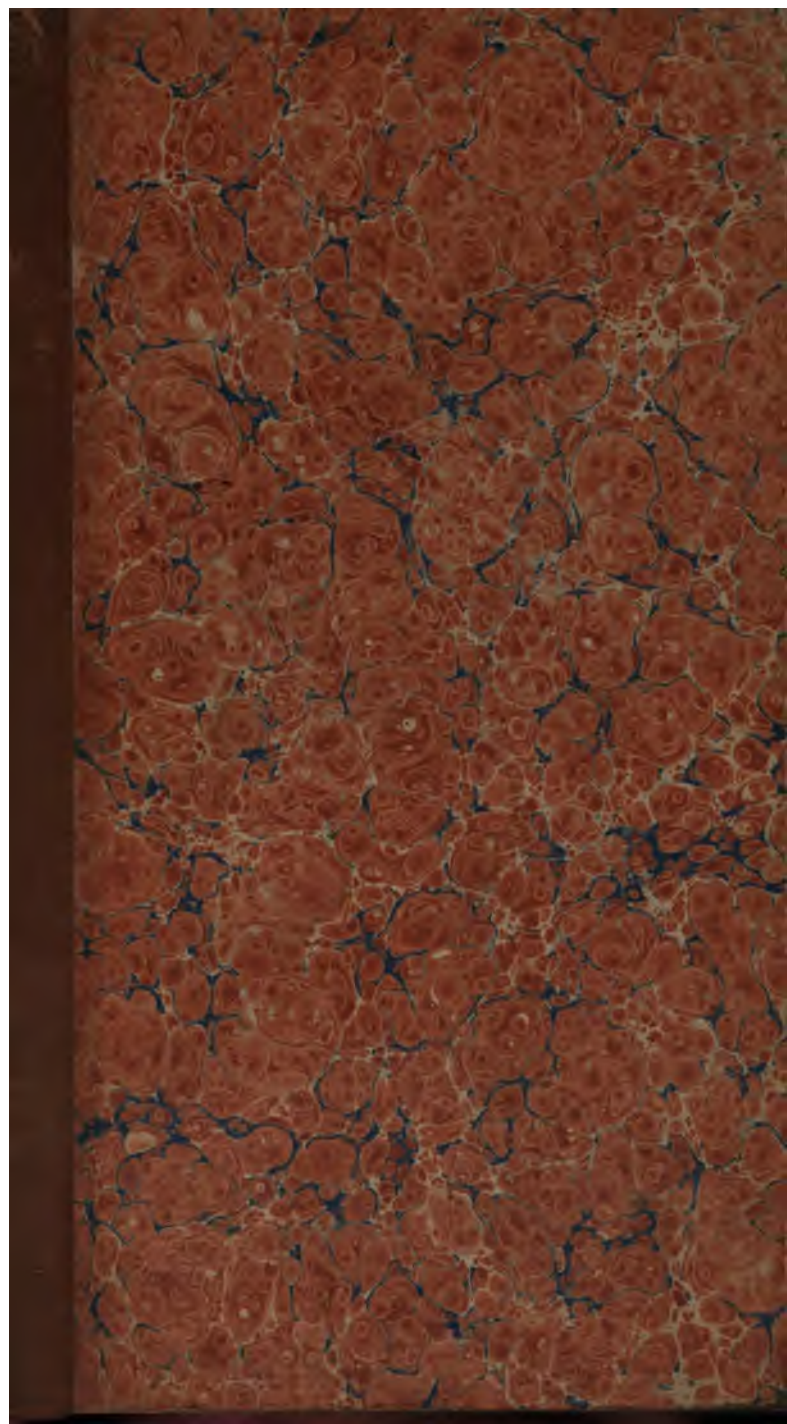
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46.

1255.







HENRY AND ROSA:

A Pathetic Poetical Tale;

WITH A FEW

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

MISS ROSINA AMELIA NOAH.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

LONDON:



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1846.

1255.



PREFACE.

MISS R. A. NOAH, the writer of the Poems contained in this little Book, begs the kind indulgence of all who may be induced to peruse them, assuring them at the time she wrote them she had not the most distant idea of publishing; but, from a variety of circumstances and the repeated solicitations of her friends, she has ventured to bring before the Public a few pieces, which she composed during severe affliction, and as she was, from extreme debility, deprived of the pleasure of reading, the Poems here produced are purely the effusions of her mind.

MISS N. is well aware the incidents are truly simple, but nevertheless, she sincerely hopes they will afford a satisfactory share of entertainment in the domestic and youthful circle,

without any ambition or desire of being considered, in any way, meritorious ; she therefore, humbly and respectfully trusts, that all who may honor them with a perusal will take into consideration the unaspiring motives which have induced her to publish.

23, Swinton Street

Gray's Inn Road,

January, 1846.

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AN ADDRESS
TO THE
READER, AND INTRODUCTION
TO
HENRY AND ROSA.

With patience read this simple artless tale,
And let not criticism's eye prevail—
With cold severity, to scrutinize each part,
Let feeling hold, and pity sheath thy dart.

Look not for merit, such I do not claim,
My first attempt through weary hours of pain ;
Alone, retired, upon my bed I laid,
Smiling the muses o'er my senses played.

While fancy's pinions fluttered o'er my brain,
Imagination soared to Cupid's shrine,
Sweet meditation felt, and formed the plan,
From fresh ideas each verse successive ran.

No thought, no word, no intimation given,
No small assistance—save alone from heaven,
Who kindly breathed upon my drooping heart
Sweet poesy, attired in nature's simplest art.

Her purest garb, sincerity, and truth,
First speaks the maid, nipt in her tender youth,
Sweet beauty crushed, just opening into bloom,
By adverse fortune hurried to the tomb.

THE INTRODUCTION.

The generous youth claims the pathetic tear,
Midst wealth and grandeur died for love sincere !

If love and friendship ever warmed thy breast,
With glowing ardor, here it stands confessed—
Confessed too late, for death had mark'd his prey,
And snatched them both to realms of endless day.

Ah ! then forbear, let sympathy prevail,
For love and friendship solely form the tale ;
If learning breathes not, know a heart sincere
Would gladly hail thy love and friendship here.

HENRY AND ROSA.

Part I.

In yonder lovely vale,
Far from the vulgar eye,
Sweet youth and beauty dwell,
In solitude to sigh.

Secluded and so sweet
Sequestered is the spot,
So rural the retreat,
Of this, their lowly cot.

Nought but the warblers' note
Is heard on every spray,
While in the distance float
Their soft harmonious lay.

'Twas here a happy pair
Whom fortune once had blest,
Lived with a daughter fair,
Who soothed their aching breast.

Yes ! she was all their pride,
On her their hopes were staid ;
So constant by their side
Was Rosa, lovely maid.

Oft would she sit and hear
The tale her parents told,
And wipe away a tear ;
Past griefs they would unfold.

Of pleasures that were gone,
And fortune from them fled,
Yet hoped they might return
For Rosa, lovely maid !

In pensive musings sigh
To see her parents grief,
With sweet affection dry
The tear that sought relief.

So like the lily, modest, pale,
Or rose washed in the shower,
In solitude would Rosa steal,
Pine, like the drooping flower.

For oft neglected and forlorn
Does modest virtue sigh,
Left to the coarse and vulgar scorn,
Sweet beauty shrink and die.

So gentle Rosa was compelled
By poverty's command,
The bursting sigh her bosom swell'd
At fate's relentless hand.

Yet hope will smile through grief
Our future prospect clear—
Sweet fancy paint the cheek
Of beauty, pale with care.

Oft at the peep of dawn
The lovely maid was seen,
With footsteps like the fawn,
To pass yon rippling stream.

Through many a grove and plain
Would brush the dews away,
Before bright Phœbus gain
His influence to display.

To glean the ripened corn,
And homeward bear a part—
The blush of hope adorn,
While pleasure filled her heart.

How many a rustic youth
His vows of love had paid,
With constancy and truth,
To gain the lovely maid.

'Till Henry, noble youth !
First met her downcast eye,
She felt in him was truth,
Unconscious wou'd she sigh.

Part II.

Young Henry high was born,
With riches, vast estate,
With every virtue to adorn,
The wealthy and the great.

With tender feelings blest,
Was generous, noble, kind,
Sweet mercy fill'd his breast
With charity entwined.

To all around was good,
The widow's heart would cheer,
Provide the hungry food,
And sooth affliction's tear.

The houses, lands around,
Young Henry possessed,
Through all the village found,
The blessing to be blessed.

The rustic youth would bow,
The bashful maid admire,
Each early taught to know
Young Henry as their squire.

For many a little farm
Amongst the village train
Had felt the sheltering arm—
No rents did Henry claim.

With joy would ride around,
And pass the cottage door;
Sweet recompense he found
The blessings of the poor.

His fields in harvest white,
Each ear with plenty wave,
Grateful beheld the sight,
To want he freely gave.

No proud or haughty mien
Sat on his manly brow,
Meekness with grandeur beam,
With virtue's generous glow.

Romantic fancy led
Beside his reapers near,
And mild attention shed
The artless tale to hear.

Well pleased when pleasures told,
Encouraging would smile,
If grief they did unfold,
With hope their hearts beguile.

part III.

Unnoticed and unseen,
Here Rosa first beheld
Young Henry's graceful mien,
With sighs her bosom swell'd.

"Stop, stop my beating heart!"
In bitter anguish sigh—
"Ah! vain and foolish thought,"
For Henry—I must die!

For long had Henry's fame
His goodness spread around;
She felt, she loved his name,
But now her eyes had found.

What oft her fancied mind
Had pictured with delight,
Imagination 'twined,
She found each feature right.

"I feel it is the same,
'Tis Henry's form I view—
Ah, me! not fancy's dream
I hear his accents to."

“Alas ! but not for me !

Young Henry never knew,
Or ever can he see
An humble maid—tho’ true.”

“ I feel the harrowing weight
Press heavily to the tomb—
Alas ! that heaven would break
The thick o’er shadowing gloom.”

Long struggled thro’ the wave
Of life’s tempestuous stream,
No longer could she brave
Dark disappointment’s scene.

Stern fortune’s heavy frown,
Keen, bitter wounding smart,
Her blighted youth had borne,
Oft smile with breaking heart.

Her sinking nature spoke
What fain her lips conceal’d,
As from a dream she woke,
The secret was reveal’d.

Her cheeks once like the rose,
With health and beauty flush’d,
The treasured tale disclose
What long her bosom hush’d.

As hopes and wishes fail,
Her eye the lustre fled,
Like the drooping lily—pale,
Tho' crushed, a sweetness shed.

No longer lightly trip
The soft and verdant lawn,
The early sweets to sip,
Refreshing nature's charm.

Faltering and weak, forlorn,
O'erwhelm'd, would sorrow flow,
On him her thoughts were borne,
Sad cause of all her woe.

Part IV.

Her parents saw with grief
The fast destroying worm,
In vain they sought relief,
True love must meet return.

They heard the heavy sigh
Relieve her languid soul,
They heard the soft reply,
“Soon will my death bell toll.”

“Dear parents, cease to mourn,
Your sorrow’s all in vain—
Tho’ early from you torn,
We soon shall meet again.”

“I feel the blow is given
That hastens to the tomb,
The mandate sent from heaven
Inviting me to come.”

When death shall call away,
Dear Henry’s manly form,
To realms of endless day,
I’ll lead him upwards home.

“ In robes of glory see
No lowly maiden poor ;
United we shall be,
There meet to part no more.”

“ When sinking to the grave,
Death’s terrors dark appear :
Thy path dear youth I’ll pave—
To joys for evermore.”

“ I’ll watch around thy bed,
Will ease the cruel sting,
Support thy dying head,
Enfold thee with my wing.”

“ To waft thy soul away,
Where sounds seraphic reign,
Shake off thy mortal clay,
Then, then ! thou wilt be mine.

“ My spirit glows with love,
With extacy divine—
Anxious to fly above
And leave my grief behind.”

“ Farewell ! dear youth adieu !
A partner may you find,
With every virtue true,
Rich, amiable, and kind.”

“Thy wife, companion, friend
In every word sincere,
Love’s sweet affection blend,
Such is my dying prayer.”

“Farewell, dear parents, cease
Your tears for me to flow,
I hail the blest release,
From sorrow here below.”

Thus spoke the trembling maid,
With weak exhausted frame,
Fainting and languid laid :—
Expiring seem’d life’s flame.

Reviving, brightly shine,
Glow with renewing fire,
With enthusiasm climb,
Sink, drooping to expire.

Thus fell the maiden fair—
No ray of hope’s sweet beam,
With illumining brightness clear
The dark and dismal scene.

Part V.

For weeks, nay months, a year,
Since first this lovely flower,
Droop'd wither'd in despair,
Beneath the fatal shower.

Cold winter past, severe,
Sweet spring, with mantle green—
The foliage of summer clear,
With harvest, sportive scene—

Approach'd, while every heart
Replete with love and health,
To reap, and glean their part,
With joy—devoid of wealth.

But Rosa's lovely form,
Alas ! no more was seen,
To lightly trip the lawn,
Or join the rural scene.

No more her artless song
Was echo'd thro' the grove ;
While praises fill each tongue
With pity and with love.

Inquiring, each one heard,
Responsive thro' the vale,
But silence kept the word,
And hushed the valued tale.

Soon whispered all around,
From age, and youth, and fair,
And in the field was found,
The rustic's sigh and tear.

Part VI.

Here Henry again
Was led by nature's charm,
To join the village swain,
And watch the plenteous corn.

He caught the whispered word,
As musing he passed by,
From manly lips, he heard,
"The maiden soon will die."

Long dwelt the latter sound ;
It smote upon his ear ;
Then turning quickly round,
He wiped the silent tear.

His noble spirit glowed,
To ease another's woe ;
Rapid the questions flowed
The maiden wished to know.

He listened to the tale,
With feeling and surprise ;
"In yonder peaceful vale
The hapless maiden lies."

- “ Fair Rosa is her name,
Lovely in form and face,
Beloved by every swain,
With modesty and grace.”
- “ Nobly her parents born,
Deserted long by wealth ;
From every comfort torn,
With hope, flew peace and health.”
- “ Retired from the world
In nature—beauties find :
From riches, grandeur, hurled ;
In peace they bow resign’d.”
- “ One child, one only child,
Their blessing hope and joy ;
Their solitude beguil’d,
Their aged fears alloy.”
- “ But now their hopes are fled ;
Their anxious wishes vain ;
And watch around her bed,
Whom death e’er long will claim.”
- “ Since last our harvest time,
Her cheeks have lost their bloom—
Her eyes no longer shine,
Seem hastening to the tomb.”

“ Alas ! we do not know,
Nor can we e'er reveal ;
The cause of all her woe,
No mortal e'er can heal.”

Amazed young Henry stood,
Nor waited to hear more ;
Flew to the nearest road,
Each moment seemed an hour.

With haste, the generous youth
Approach'd the lovely vale ;
Like lightning flashed the truth—
Would I—might Rosa heal.

Part VII.

The sun reclining fast,
Creation seemed enroll'd,
Each flower in beauty drest,
With streams of liquid gold.

The warbler's evening song,
Their short harmonious note,
Was echo'd from among ;
'Till one by one was mute.

The sheep bells tinkling sound,
The shepherd's whistle shrill ;
Their bleatings heard around,
Descending from yon hill.

Sweet scents from new mown hay,
Were borne upon the breeze ;
The purly rill display,
Glittering each pebble sees.

Young Henry paced the lawn,
In melancholy mood ;
Bright Phœbus had withdrawn
For Cynthia's silver robe.

To light his lonely path,
To where the maiden lies ;
In sickness, pain, and death ;
With tears and heavy sighs—

He reached the silent vale ;
Sad musings filled his mind ;
Reflecting on the tale,
'Twas surely love unkind.

But who could e'er forsake,
Or cause one moment's pain ;
Ah ! would it were my fate
To call sweet Rosa mine !

Where love and virtue reigns,
With beauty and with grace,
Respect and honor claims,
To guard, protect, and bless.

Ah ! who could bulge a tear
From beauty's lovely eye ;
From virtue's bosom tear
The agonizing sigh.

Oh, never ! no, no, no !
Such thoughts for ever flee ;
This heart, dear maiden, know
Would live, and die for thee !

A startling sound he heard
That roused his thoughtful soul,
That dismal creaking bird,
The hollow screeching owl.

“ Forbear ill-omened bird,
Thy mandate, oh ! forbear ;
I know not why I dread,
I hope, yet still I fear.”

Just then a floating cloud,
Obscured the lovely moon,
But soon the mantling shroud
Dispersed with every gloom.

That lovely orb of night,
Beaming with placid smile ;
With pure and brilliant light
His anxious thoughts beguile.

The trees, the shrubs around,
Received the sweet reflection ;
The shadow on the ground
Sported in each direction.

Part VIII.

The clear meandering stream
That glided round their cot,
Each speck appeared a gem
That bubbled, and was not.

Half hid from every view,
It seemed a labyrinth bower
The stately elm-tree grew,
With each delicious flower.

The rose and woodline twined,
With perfume fill'd the air ;
Sweet jessamine, reclined
In blooming fragrance there.

The aged oak and pine ;
The weeping-willow lave,
Drooping its head recline,
To kiss the passing wave.

A sweet-briar hedge there grew
Thick interwoven spread :
The roses lovely hue
Distilling odours shed—

Around their garden neat,
Diversified with taste ;
Contrasting every sweet
To variegate the place.

The gate half open, shewed
The path well gravell'd o'er,
Winding its narrow road,
Up to the cottage door.

Inviting, seemed to say—
“ Welcome thy presence here,
No pomp, or proud display—
Here nature is sincere.”

“ No glittering empty show,
No pampered menial's praise,
Dark treachery, mean, and low,
With seeming truth disguise.”

“ No, here contentment reigns,
With pure untainted mind ;
Tho' disappointment claims,
Here sorrow lives resigned.”

“ Here sinking nature lies,
To gain the victory given ;
Conquering, expiring, dies ;
To bloom again in heaven.”

“The quivering smoke appears,
Curling, in distance rise,
Its vapour disappears,
In azure brightness dies.”

He paused, he stood, and gazed,
Admiring every part :
“Sweet cot, though humbly raised
A Paradise in thought.”

part IX.

Here Henry passed the brook
That murmer'd at his feet,
Its swelling silence broke,
Its rippling seemed to speak.

Quick borne away in sighs,
Successive flowed the stream,
Its shining surface glides
Gently, like fancy's dream.

Approaching to the gate,
His soul still deep in thought,
Standing to ruminate,
His steadfast eye soon caught—

The light that flitter'd past
Yon casement, to and fro,
While o'er his form it cast
A bright imperfect glow.

The casement gently op'ed,
The light stood wavering by ;
An aged female spoke,
Her whispering accents die—

Like sighs upon the breeze.
The moon's reflection given,
Her eyes turn'd upward, sees
Her hands were clasped to heaven.

Hark, from the village tower,
The warning dirge of time,
Vibrates with solemn power,
Within the sacred shrine.

Its loud, yet thrilling strain,
Roused his prophetic soul,
The casement closed again,
As ceased the last deep toll.

The light soon past away,
When darkness drew the veil,
The zephyrs softly play
Upon the sportive gale.

He gained the sweet alcove
With fragrance latticed o'er
Fairies enchanting grove,
Shading with sweets the door.

The tender myrtle grew
On tiers, half circled round
The geranium's velvet hue,
Each side the entrance crown'd.

Now Cynthia seemed to give
Her lustre, far more sweet.
"Ah! dearest maiden live
To grace this calm retreat."

"Elysium's here sublime,
Emblem of heavenly bliss,
Creation's pure, divine,
Exalting, extacies."

"These blessings from above,
Are mercies to us given,
Spare Rosa for my love!
Or take us both to heaven!!"

"I fear 'tis waning late,
My soul within me dies,
My presence may create
Embarrasment, surprise.

The noble minded youth,
Soon turned the yielding lock,
Eager to hear the truth,
For worlds he would not shock.

Ah, no! he came to heal,
With soothing accents move,
With sweet affection steal,
And claim dear Rosa's love.

Part X.

He gained admittance where
Her parents sat resigned,
While sorrowing converse cheer,
Their agonizing mind.

Just left their daughter's bed,
Sleep hung upon her brow :
In peaceful slumbers laid,
Vermillions painted glow—

Flushed on her fevered cheek,
She seemed an angel's form,
Waiting earth's bonds to break,
That held her spirit down.

Respectfully they rose,
To welcome with surprise,
With pleasure wonder flows,
Hope in their bosom rise.

They knew their noble guest,
Young Henry, as their squire,
They knew his heart was blest,
With sympathetic fire.

Alas ! full well they knew,
The cause of Rosa's grief,
And could it now be true,
That Henry brought relief !!!

Oh, no ! how could he tell,
Presumptuous thought ! but mark—
How parent's love will swell,
And catch at every spark.

He heard the anxious word,
From fond maternal lip,
He saw the tears they shed :
The bitter cup they sip.

Yet still the flatterer hope,
With comfort to them flies ;
With energy he spoke,
“ Lead where the maiden lies.”

“ Speak, if this bosom can
Yield aught to ease thy woe—
Forbear not ! for I'm come
The truth unfeigned to know !”

Here utterance was in vain,
Their tongue its office fled ;
Oh ! how could they explain,
Mute silence o'er them spread.

With trembling cautious step,
They led the intrepid youth ;
Sleep still its vigils kept,
O'er innocence and truth.

Like a lovely flower
O'ercharged with heavy rain ;
Reclining from the shower,
One glittering drop is seen.

To shine upon her cheek,
Impearled with sorrow's hue ;
Her lips half open speak,
While sighs like zephyrs flew.

Wild phantoms filled his brain,
The tear rushed to his eye,
He heard her breathe his name :
" For Henry ! I must die."

" From Henry I must part,
Soon will my death-bell toll"—
Like arrows to his heart
It pierced his inmost soul.

Her white extended hand
Was pressed upon her heart,
Which swelling to expand,
Seemed ready to depart.

Love, fear, hope, peace, and joy,
Alternate took its place,
“ And is it I, destroy !
So lovely sweet a face,”

So amiable a mind ?
Love, beauty, all is here,
Pure virtue lives enshrin'd ;
I yield my heart sincere.

Part II.

He knelt beside her bed,
She gently ope'd her eye,
In languid mildness said,
“ Dear mother, I shall die”—

“ Oh ! that this beating heart,
Could now behold the youth,
Dear parents I could part,
My dying pillow smooth.”

The curtain partly close,
No more could Henry bear,
With wings of love he rose,
And clasped the fainting fair.

“ Live, Rosa ! live for me,
Thy life, thy love is here,
Thy constant Henry see,
With heart and soul sincere.”

“ Here on this bosom lie,
Here all thy griefs repose,
Here heart to heart shall sigh ;
Each mutual love disclose.”

“ Ah ! raise thy lovely eye,
 Speak, dearest maiden, speak —
I come to save, or die !
 Speak, or my heart will break.”

He breathed upon her cheek,
 Her lips with fervour press'd ;
Thy rending sighs will break,
 Thy Henry's constant breast.

“ Must we for ever part,”
 The youth in anguish said,
Still closer to his heart,
 He clasped, the dying maid.

“ Would Heaven had led the way,
 Sweet mercy been my guide,
E'er long this bitter day,
 This maid had been my bride.”

“ For what is grandeur, wealth,
 What's all that's sent from heavn,
Compared with peace and health,
 With love, the object given ?”

“ Oh wou'd that I had been
 Some humble cottage swain,
Then never should have seen,
 This hour that rends in twain.”

He felt her beating heart,
With energy respond,
Reviving nature caught,
And fixed the hallowed bond.

She raised her lovely eye,
Still beaming with expression.
Upon her lover nigh,
She breathed her soul's confession.

Part XII.

“ Kind Heaven has heard my prayer,
I now shall rest in peace,
My conflicts nearly o’er,
My sands must shortly cease.”

“ Sweet pity from above,
Adoring mercy brought,
My first, my only love,
My Henry, to my heart.”

“ Long fancy’s pleasing dream,
And hope to realize,
Fast vanishes the scene.
The phantom from me flies.”

“ Stay, little longer life,
My love, my all is here.
Alas ! this rending strife !—
The parting’s most severe.”

“ This, this, is worse than all,
It rends, it tears my soul,
I hear the summons call,
Oh ! hear the silent dole.”

“Once I cou’d welcome death,
A sweet relief from woe ;
But now, alas ! my breath,
How loath it is to go.”

“Tho’ hastening to my tomb,
Resigned I leave my prayer,
This had not been my doom,
If thou hads’t then been here.”

“Heaven otherwise ordained,
Death, marked me for his prey
Still, still, our hearts are twined,
Stay, cruel death, oh, stay !”

She gently raised her head,
Reclining on his breast,
“When thy dear life is fled,
Thy body with mine rest.”

“We part to meet again,
Dear Henry, adieu,
All earthly hopes resign,
For heavenly joys in view.”

A sweet seraphic smile,
Her dying lips displayed ;
Her eyes devoid of guile,
With glory seemed arrayed.

Transcient expression flushed,
 Upon her dying face,
They closed, and all was hushed,
 In mute and hallowed peace.

Yes, all was hushed in death,
 One deep and heavy sigh,
Released her struggling breath,
 To endless bliss on high.

Part XXX.

Still in death's iron grasp,
She held her lover firm ;
"The conflict now is past,
My love, my Rosa's gone."

Her auburn tresses fell,
Upon her marble neck,
He stood, what tongue can tell?
Alas ! description's weak.

"Thou art, dear maid, at rest,
Thy griefs, thy sorrows past,"
Frantic her lips he pressed
His hands in horror clasped.

The agonizing tear,
Relieved his rending heart,
"The solemn mandate hear,
'Tis death that bids us part !"

"Oh ! cruel, death to tear,
To crush, so sweet a flower,
If not such beauty spare,
Well may we dread thy power !!"

In silence turned away,
In sad o'erwhelming gloom
To wait the fatal day,
That closed her in the tomb.

With maidens clothed in white,
While flowers of fragrance wave ;
A solemn lovely sight,
That bore her to the grave.

A stone there marked the ground,
Her monument sincere,
The rose encircling round,
With Cupid weeping near.

“ For love this maiden lived ;
For love, alas ! she died ;
She's gone, love to receive,
To be a heavenly bride.”

“ Here, virtuous beauty lies,
With innocence and love ;
Too pure an angel flies
To waft her soul above.”

Her parents long remain
To bless the generous youth,
With all that wealth could name,
Pure friendship, love, and truth—

Bereaved Young Henry's heart,
In sorrow pined away ;
"What power could heal the smart
Or light one cheering ray?"

He knew the lovely rose,
Was faded, plucked, and gone,
Nought to his senses rose
But death's approaching thorn.

He gladly hailed the gloom,
The deep and frequent sigh ;
Love blighted seeks the tomb ;
To join in bliss on high.

What life and health denied,
The monster death has given,
To claim his lovely bride ;
His spirit flew to heaven..

Part XIV.

The village maids repair,
To mourn their hapless lot,
To deck their grave each fair
Entwine the true love's knot.

But still the lovely vale,
Breathes forth with every charm,
Revives the pitying tale ;
To love and memory warm.

“ 'Midst tall elms, oak, and pine,
The ash, the willow, fern,
Where shadowing labyrinth twine,
The village spire discern.”

“ Glittering in stately pride,
It rears its sacred head ;
Its gothic grandeur guide,
Each stranger 'midst the dead.”

“ Behold the hallowed spot,
Where flowers luxuriant bloom,
There speaks love's blighted lot,
That fades beneath the tomb.”

“ Pause, contemplate awhile,
Their sad sepulchral urn,
O'er Cupid angels smile,
Supporting victory's crown.”

“ Sweet emblems truly here,
Lamented youth, dear maid—
Quick, brush the trickling tear,
Their Epitaph I read.”

THE EPITAPH.

“ Stop, gentle passer by,
Each line attentive view,
Affection's tear and sigh
For love so purely true.”

“ If blooming beauty flush,
Dear youth, or maiden's cheek,
Here, all thou hast is crushed
By love a fatal wreck.”

“ See Cupid kneeling by,
Vanquished, resign his prize,
Beneath his victims lie,
For love a sacrifice.”

“ Sweet peace and mercy see,
Fly to the weeping boy,
To crown with victory,
The conquest claim with joy.”

THE END OF HENRY AND ROSA.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE MOTTO OF ENGLAND,

(WRITTEN WHEN HER MAJESTY FIRST CAME TO THE THRONE)

Well may England claim the rose,
A lovely motto given :
Queen of every flower that throws
Their fragrant scents to heaven.

Our Queen Victoria is the rose,
The prized and valued flower,
Where every action will disclose,
Sweetness with sovereign power.

Hail ! Royal Maiden ! lovely rose !
Thy bosom own the prize,
From whence each fragrant virtue flows,
That never, never, dies.

Sweet bud, just opening into bloom,
So delicately fair,
Oh ! may affection's genial sun,
Each poisonous insect clear.

So nourished from thy parent stem,
Sheltered from every harm,
Protect, kind heaven, this lovely gem
From each approaching storm !

And on thy tender leaves of youth,
Refreshing dews descend,
That every blossom of thy worth,
Bloom open and expand.

No winds of treachery, hatred, near
Thy youthful bud to blight—
Celestial, pure, and ambient air,
A Nation's blessing light.

Yes, long may England boast the rose,
When youth and beauty's fled,
Each promised virtue may disclose,
A lasting fragrance shed.

When wintry age thy leaves decay,
And fade thy lovely form,
Still oderiferous scents display,
Resplendent beauties charm.

When death's sharp pinching frost shall break
Thy weak and bending stem,
Attendant angels upward take
Thy soul to bloom again.

ON HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY'S
ACCESSION TO THE THRONE.

Rejoice ! may every heart rejoice,
And bless our youthful Queen,
Her virtues burst from every voice,
Long may Victoria reign !

Sweet, royal maiden, born to sway
Proud England's sceptre down—
Peace, justice, mercy, loveliest ray
Shine brightly in thy crown.

Those purest gems for ever shine,
Their lustre always seen,
Around the Throne may they entwine,
To grace our lovely Queen.

With sweet affection's hallowed tie,
Maternal guidance own,
From whom all meaner passions die,
The seeds of virtue sown.

What extacies must fill her soul,
Thy royal parent friend,
To see, as years successive roll,
Meekness with wisdom blend.

The noble, aged, and the young,
Alike must bow the knee,
While blessings sound from every tongue,
Our Queen and Victory !

Long, long, may England own the prize,
 So kindly to us given,
 May peace and concord ever rise,
 With gratitude to heaven.

AN ACROSTIC,

ON HER GRACE, THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

H ighly favor'd, great and nobly born,
 A live thy heart each virtue doth adorn—
 R eason thy guide, with wisdom, judgment given,
 R eligion's truths supremely sent from heaven :
 I n tenderest love, a parent, wife, and friend :
 E ternal blessings gloriously descend,
 T o waft thy soul, when earthly pleasures end.

 D efend kind heaven ; almighty power divine,
 U nite terrestrial with celestial love sublime—
 C ontinued peace within thy bosom glow,
 H ealth, blessed health, true happiness below :
 E ndless thy joys, through life and death may reig
 S eraphic smiles thy gentle spirit claim ;
 S incere each heart immortalize thy name ;

 O n memory's page, thy virtues long shall live ;
 F aithful each line, thy worth and beauty give.

S uch would I ask, fountain of blessings flow
U pon thy children's children, illustrious below ;
T o thee obedient, affectionate and kind ;
H appy on earth : fondly thy heart entwin'd.
E ach social tie endearments can impart,
R esplendently illumine thy glowing heart ;
L ost without these are riches, vast estate,
A h ! may these gems superior emanate,
'N eath every charm transcendent graces wait,
D ivine thy soul omnipotence create.

ON HOPE.

Yes, hope's a balm to every mind,
A phantom all on earth must find,
A sweet companion, partuer, friend,
Most on the wretched doth attend,
'Tis hope will ease the broken heart,
Cause bitter anguish to depart,
'Twill dry the cheek, still wet with grief.
Sweet hope alone can bring relief,
And stop the deep and frequent sigh,
The lips to smile, and sorrow die :
When disappointment fills the soul,
'Tis hope alone, that holds control ;
If short and transient is the ray,
Dark disappointment soars away,
Make pleasure beam from every eye ;
The glistening tear it soon will dry,

O'er all our senses sheds a charm,
And every anxious feeling calm.
Cause joy and happiness to dwell,
For hope will every cloud dispel.
Hope clears the dark and dismal gloom
That must attend us to the tomb,
And when the debt of nature's gave,
Hope leads our souls beyond the grave,
And with sweet mercy for her guide,
The gates of heaven open wide,
When with a ponderous clash they close,
Sweet hope and mercy there, disclose
Glories, beatified, divine,
With sounds seraphic, grand, sublime,
Then leads us onward to the throne,
Where blessed love and mercy's shewn,
When hope inspires we bend the knee,
Behold redemption's blood is free :
Hope whispers peace eternally ;
For when we leave this mortal clay,
'Tis hope will bear our souls away,
With peace and mercy, heavenly love,
Triumphant we shall rise above :—
Celestial hallelujahs raise,
One vast eternity of praise.

IMPROMPTU,

WRITTEN ON SEEING A FAVORITE ROSE-TREE EXPOSED TO
A HEAVY STORM.

See the sweet rose, how it's bent by the storm,
So modestly drooping its head—
Oh! spare then, ye winds, its delicate form,
Its fair colors already seem fled.

I fear that ere long the rough winds will break,
And tear from its own parent stem;
Oh! never, kind heaven, such beauty forsake,
Unprotected, so lovely a gem.

Ah, me! the fallen leaves are all scattered around,
So moistened and wet with the shower,
I feel that a lesson instructive I've found,
From this fragrant and beautiful flower—

So like the sweet rose is the soft tender mind,
Exposed to adversity's storm;
No tender affection with sympathy bind,
When the heart with affliction is torn.

Yes, oft when the bosom is wrung with despair,
The bloom on the cheek almost fled,
'Tis the sound of true friendship alone that can cheer
With the tear of affection that's shed.

For often relentless, with anguish is torn,
The bosom of virtue and love,
And left quite forsaken, unpitied, forlorn,
'Till the soul it is wafted above.

So the Rose that is watched with attention and care,
 And tenderly saved from the shower,
 Each bud as it blooms will perfume the sweet air—
 Unsheltered, would droop in an hour.

ACROSTICS,

LOVE.

L ife, what is life without thee ? a dreary desert plain,
 O n whom all happiness depends, both moral and divine,
 V ain every joy without thine aid is given,
 E arth's pleasures fade, with every hope of heaven.

ENVY.

E ternal misery from thy name began,
 I n eath thy influence, malice and hatred sprang,
 V engeance beheld, with indignation given,
 Y et love was sent a recompense from heaven.

HATRED.

H ence ! dreaded foe, from whence all evils rise,
 A h ! from thy poison human nature dies ;
 T o wound with death, was thy delight and aim ;
 R edemption's blood, alone, wash'd out the stain :
 E ternal mercy saw and pitied man,
 D efend with love and frustrate every plan.

MALICE.

M ark well the footsteps of this demon great,
A round whose form dwells bitterness and hate,
L ost to all feelings, Love and virtue claim,
I n treachery's garb it sheaths its deadly aim,
C ensure pure innocence with cold vendictive scorn,
E nvy first wounds, while hatred plants the thorn.

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AN ODE

## TO MORNING AND NIGHT.

Bright Aurora so lovely appears,  
In her chariot of golden array,  
All darkness and gloom disappears,  
All hail to the Goddess of Day !

As she rides o'er the wide vault of heaven,  
Refulgence disperses each way,  
From each wheel reflection is given,  
Glorious light from the Goddess of Day !

Precious gems indiscriminate drop,  
Like pearls as they fall from her eye,  
Suffusing each flower's lovely cup,  
Impearl'd with sweet odours there lie.

Till glittering bright Phœbus she brings  
With cheerfulness smiles to adorn,  
Sweet zephyrs she wafts with her wings,  
Soft melody sounds from her tongue.

First the lark on her finger appears,  
As it warbles soars upward in air ;  
The Blackbird and Thrush next she bears,  
Harmonious to welcome her car —  
From the North to the South, East and West,  
She flies in her chariot of light ;  
While dazzling with splendour, her vest  
Floats in azure, till shaded by night.  
When Cynthia engages her car,  
With mildness and beauty she rides,  
Her reflection is seen from afar ;  
The traveller from danger she guides.  
On her bosom the diamond is seen,  
While the crystal her vestment confine,  
Of pure silver, which fluttering stream  
O'er ether, beams truly divine.  
No trappings of gaudy display,  
Her chariot ethereal and bright,  
So even unerring her way ;  
All hail to the Goddess of Night.  
Transcendent with beauty and love,  
With affection she glows on the sight,  
While in glory she travels above,  
As the Queen and the Goddess of Night  
Sweet melody sounds in her train,  
Enchanting the soul with delight ;  
The Nightingale's warbling soft strain,  
Attends on the Goddess of Night.

By yonder meandering stream,  
Commune with Creation alone,  
While Cynthia is sportively seen,  
O'er each ripple a sparkling gem.

Go, stray thro' the labyrinth bower,  
Where her smiles seem to rest on each spray  
While the songster exerts every power,  
The echo returns the fond lay.

All nature is silent and still,  
Every murmur is lulled to repose,  
Lovely Goddess, how sweet is thy smile,  
While, enchanting, each note softly flows—

So gentle, with steadiness light—  
Sweet relief from the bustle of day.  
Oh ! give me the Goddess of Night,  
When music entwined in her ray.

All hail ! to the Goddess of day,  
All hail to the Goddess of Night,  
For each in their turn will display  
Adoration, with wonder, delight.



## A SOLILOQUY.

Be calm, my soul—hush, hush, my beating heart !  
Imagination's wild and fevered dream,  
Holds every sense in dark o'ershadowing gloom,  
In anxious restlessness, with hope and fear combined,  
What pictured phantoms flutter all around,  
In quick succession fly, and leaves the mind  
Quite stupified with dread ? absorbed,  
In thought, the eye long rests on vacant space,  
Until the silent tear obscures the vision ;  
Swelling to the brim, rushes unbidden  
Down the pallid cheek ; calls back the troubled soul  
Once more to meditation.  
In death-like silence, the listening ear  
Is strained to catch each sound that echoes  
Through the air, and trembling dies away ; when  
Conjured fancy, imagination's wing  
Enthralls each sense, and fixes every nerve,  
The breath recedes, and life itself seems lost.  
In the expanse of ether, how quick,  
The longing ear will catch each trifling sound,  
The heavy throbblings of the bursting heart,  
Swelling is ready to dislodge, and quit  
Its frail and weak tenement ; when  
To release itself, the deep and heavy sigh  
Bursts forth, till nature yields her sway,  
Exhausted sinks from long extended  
Animation—recalls the soul  
To peaceful, silent, calm, yet  
Melancholy, recollection ! !

## AN ACROSTIC.

### VICTORIA, OUR BLESSED QUEEN.

V irtuous maiden, gentle, mild, serene,  
I n wisdom, judgment, noblest actions seen,  
C ouncil and ruler, England's hope and pride,  
T o sway the sceptre, and a Nation guide ;  
O h, may thy heart with charity encrease,  
R ich in those virtues, justice, mercy, peace  
I rradiate glories, crown thy royal head,  
A nd heaven refulgent, all its blessings shed.

O mniscient power, might, infinite, divine,  
U nerring wisdom, attributes sublime ;  
R eligion guide, while earthly honors shine.

B eatified and glorious seraphs guard thy throne,  
L ove in each breast, no treachery, hatred known,  
E ach subject faithful, every heart thine own,  
S o may thy reign be long and happy to the end,  
S alvation thine, celestial gifts descend ;  
E ternal high, thy soul to heaven may rise,  
D iadem may gain, where virtue never dies.

Q uick to obey thy royal sovereign word,  
U nion and peace, thro' all the land is heard,  
E ngland, rejoice ! for time's rude hand defies,  
E ver true virtue lives, when youth and beauty dies,  
N ow Briton's triumph, Victory's banner flies,

## ON THE LETTER A.

Ah ! yes, 'twas first, when Adam came,  
And long before his time,  
Almighty power seraphic claim  
Adoring peace divine.

Angels for ever chant its name,  
Around the throne of grace,  
And hallelujahs there proclaim,  
A pardon for our race.

Amidst the heavens in earth, in air,  
Alike it must remain,  
And spurns the world where sins appear,  
Altho' 'tis owned by shame.

All nature feels its powerful sway,  
Aiding their prayers and praise,  
And when our mortal frames decay,  
Above our souls may raise.

Amidst all hearts it reigns supreme,  
And breathes within the breast ;  
Altho' the bosom sighs unseen,  
And quits the pillowed rest.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Affection's warm endearments last,  
Assistance by it given—  
And yet the tenderest thoughts are passed,  
And fondest wishes driven.

Ancient as Noah's immortal name,  
An Ark his home and rest;  
Altho' the mighty waters came,  
Alpha, Omega, blest.

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ENIGMA.

Ye heads of knowledge wise and great,  
A moment spare while I rehearse,  
A simple thought will 'lucidate,  
The seeming mystery of my verse.

A thing so common owned by all,  
Yet scarcely ever seen ;  
The cause of our first parent's fall,  
And by it were redeem'd.

By this same thing the world was made,  
Creation's wondrous plan :  
By this the fallen angels laid  
The plot that ruined man.

By this, rebellion first arose,  
In the ethereal world ;  
By this, the Almighty spurned his foes,  
And to perdition hurl'd.

With envy, hatred, malice, came  
The cruel sting of death,  
By this, all anguish, grief, and pain,  
Attend our latest breath.

By this same thing all blessings given,  
Descending from above ;  
By this alone we can reach heaven,  
Find happiness and love.

By this, affection's beaming smile  
Alone we truly feel ;  
All social joys devoid of guile,  
With sweet endearments steal.

By this, the noblest passion, love,  
Is felt in all its power ;  
By this, our secret thoughts will prove,  
Sincerity, secure.

'Tis this can soothe the drooping heart,  
And dry the silent tear ;  
By this, the sympathizing thought,  
All wounding doubts can clear.

By this, all hidden mystery flies :  
    Tho' oft suspicion's thorn  
Unconsciously implanted lies,  
    By jealous feelings torn.

By this, all virtuous actions beam,  
    The vile and wicked to ;  
By this, peace, justice, mercy came  
    Yet causes every woe.

By this, enjoyment pleasing glows,  
    All entertainments last,  
From every nation carries news,  
    Nought travels half so fast.

By this, all knowledge is attain'd,  
    All intercourse is known ;  
By this, all kindred ties are claim'd,  
    And seeds of discord sown.

By this, the bond of friendship's made,  
    That lives and lasts for ever ;  
Yet by it, darkest plots are laid,  
    The fondest hearts to sever.

It is a soft enticing charm,  
    That holds enthralled each sense,  
The boldest, stoutest, heart will calm  
    Most cruel in defence.

It smooths the rugged path of life,  
Yet causes thorns to rise :  
The contract binding man and wife,  
Yet parts the strongest ties.

Sweet are the sounds that from it flow,  
Harmonious to the ear ;  
Yet harsh, discordant, hateful to,  
With tyranny severe.

Salvation's name irradiate glows,  
With everlasting praise ;  
By this, each hallelujah flows  
Triumphant through the skies.

Although divinity it claims,  
And breathes all blessings given,  
It dwells in everlasting pains,  
A foe to earth and heaven.

## ENIGMA.

Tho' often I shrink from, yet gladly I own  
This lovely and beautiful thing,  
Of sense and of feeling the empire and throne,  
Yet unconsciously carries a sting.

So swift and unerring ; yet sharp and severe,  
The wound it inflicts on the heart ;  
Tho' keen the expression, no sound can you hear ;  
Yet with love and affection 'tis fraught.

'Tho 'tis true and sincere, both tender and kind,  
Yet haughty, contemptuous, and proud,  
'Tis humble and lowly, submissive, resign'd,  
And fades with despair's heavy cloud.

It invites, yet deters, attracts, and delights,  
'Tis pleasing, tho' hateful, 'tis charming, divine,  
With envy and malice disdainful it slights,  
Brings pleasure and pain, exalting, sublime.

With emulation and hope, expectation it glows,  
With anxiety, fear, disappointment, and dread,  
Contentment and peace, mild serenity flows,  
While joyful possession in rapture is shed.



It burns with resentment, when insult is given,  
But sweet is the feeling to please,  
It departs not in death, but attends us to heaven :  
Oft fears and alarms it will ease.

'Tis here that true gratitude nobly is seen,  
Speaks loudly its thanks to express,  
Sweet mercy and justice, with charity beam,  
All suspicions it quickly will rest.

Ah, yes! 'tis a blessing we cherish and love,  
Without it, no comforts can know ;  
Yet sometimes with trembling before it we move  
And from it with pleasure oft go.

Yes, many a bosom has swelled with regret,  
And innocence sunk to the tomb,  
Tho' severe is the anguish at parting, but yet  
In beholding oft fixes our doom.

How oft admiration, with wonder has gazed,  
On its lovely and beautiful form,  
Sublimely to heaven our souls it has raised,  
Tho' useful 'tis sent to adorn.

THE END.





